

# REFLECTIONS

ON THE

VARIOUS EFFECTS

OF

# LOVE,

According to the contrary Dispositions  
of the Persons on whom it operates.

Illustrated with a great many EXAMPLES  
of the good and bad Consequences of that  
PASSION.

*Collected from the best Ancient and Modern*  
HISTORIES.

Intermix'd with the latest AMOURS and  
INTRIGUES of Persons, of the first Rank  
of both Sexes, of a certain Island adjacent to the  
Kingdom of Utopia.

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*Written by the Author of The Mercenary Lover, and  
the Memoirs of the said Island.*

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*Love is not Sin, but where 'tis sinful Love.*

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*Never before made Publick.*

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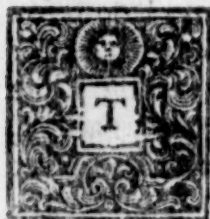
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# REFLECTIONS ON THE VARIOUS EFFECTS OF LOVE.



H O' there is no Passion more universally spoken of than *Love*, yet none appears so little understood: Those who have pretended to give us any Definition of it, seem, methinks, as widely different from the Truth, as they are from one another in their Idea's. The Unsuccessful (in their Wishes) term it, the most destructive of any the Soul is capable of entertaining; they ransack History for Examples of unhappy

happy Lovers, and ascribe all the Misfortunes of their Lives to their having been so. — Others, more prosperous, accuse their Antagonists of Prophaneness, and undertake to prove, that the greatest and noblest Actions that ever have been done in the World, owed their Birth only to the Incitements of this Passion, and wholly of the Opinion of that Poet, who says,

“ Love kindles all the Soul with Honour’s Fire,  
 “ To make the Lover worthy his Desire.

They seem to place it among those Rays of Excellence with which the Celestial Being illuminates the Minds of those design’d for Wonders: Both impute infinitely more to its Influence, than ever was simply in its Power of performing, either in *Good or Ill*. A third Sort there are, who, having never felt the Force of it, believe the Passion nothing but a Name, the Chimera of a distemper’d Imagination, and will neither admit of it as an Excuse for any *Inadvertency*, to which they see some of its Votaries led, nor allow it the Honour of having contributed to the *Improvements* which they behold in others: But to judge in this Manner, one must, in my Opinion, be either stupidly *insensible*, or barbarously *brutal*, incapable of being rous’d by any Emotions; or the whole Soul, engross’d by rougher Passions, have left no Room for the Approaches of Tenderness: Not but that there are some People, who having liv’d a long Time without feeling any Symptoms of that Passion, laugh at the Effects they see of it in others; yet oweing their Indifference neither to Unsusceptibility nor ill Nature, cannot imagine, that there is any Thing in it more than Invention, and join with the *Insensibles* and *Brutals* in censuring, and ridiculing all the Arguments which the Attestors of its Force



Force have laid down, either to *allure*, or *fright* Mankind from enrolling themselves among the List of Lovers. But when one of these happens to change his Mind, and by the Influence of some prevailing Charms is at last compell'd to own the Power he has so long despis'd, how unhappy is his State! as a Punishment for his former Unbelief, a Gaul-dipt Arrow festers in his Heart; none of the *Sweets*, but all the *Bitterness* of *Desire* he tastes; ashamed of recanting his long publish'd Errors, and hopeless of Favour from the resenting God, in silent sad despair he sighs away the Remnant of his Days, consuming in the smother'd Flame, and like the famous *Niabod*, the Astrologer of *Padua*, who having foretold that he should dye on such a Day, took Poison to verify his own Prediction. The obstinate Enamorato chuses to fall a Sacrifice to the hidden Impulse, rather than acknowledge it, dying at once his *Martyr* and *Opposer*. But as the Fate of Persons of this Disposition is of Consequence only to themselves, and the Occasion of it being conceal'd, contributes nothing in Favour of those who have written either in the Praise, or Condemnation of that Passion which now employs my Pen, I shall forbear any further Remarks on them, and pursuing my first Design, enquire into the Justice of those Reasons made use of by the contradicting Parties, to demonstrate the Verity of their different Assertions.

When we behold a Person, who for a long Time has been careless of his Studies, neglectful of improving himself, and in fine, wholly devoted to his looser Pleasures, on his hap'ning into the Acquaintance of some Woman, equally adorn'd with Beauty and with Virtue, with whom he falls passionately in Love on a sudden, relinquish his former Follies, and become the Reverse of what he was; with how vast an Appearance of Reason do we believe

lieve the Change is owing to his Passion, and how readily concur with the Sentiments of those, who declare themselves the greatest Favourers of it: Or, when on the contrary, we find a Man reputed wise and virtuous, forfeit that Character, and degenerate into Acts of Folly and Injustice, to gratifie the Pride or Caprice of some fair Triumpher, who boasts no other Merit than her Beauty, how apt are we to lay the Fault on Love! and how agree to curse a Softness, which seems so pernicious to all the nobler Sentiments of the Soul! — Who can forbear condemning that fatal Tenderneſs, which transported *Ninus* King of the *Assyrians*, first to make *Semiramis*, a Maid of mean Extraction, the Partner of his Throne and Bed, and after to put into her Hands a Power, which she made use of for his own Destruction? — With how much Horror do we consider the Violence of those Emotions which agitated the Breast of *Philip I.* of *France*, who being married to *Bertha*, a Lady of great Virtue, divorce'd himself from her, and gave the Title of Queen to *Bertrade de Monfert*, having barbarously put to Death her Husband the *Count* of *Anjou*, one of the best and bravest Men of his Time. — Can any one unshock'd read that Passage in History which relates, How *Crispus* the Son of *Constantine* the Great, burning with incestuous Fires, attempted the Honour of his own Fathers Wife; by which dreadful Accident that glorious Emperor, tho' cover'd with Lawrells, and deservedly the Admiration of the whole wond'ring World, was for a long Time perplex'd with home-bred Jarrs, and at last compell'd to deprive himself of an Heir, who till his Fall from Virtue he look'd on as the supremest of his Blessings. — How dreadful were the Effects of those wild Desires which reign'd in the Soul of *Ogna-Sancha*, Countess of *Castile*! This Lady being in Love with *Abdellraizer*, a Moorish Prince,

Prince, endeavour'd the Murder of her only Son *Sancho-gracia*, fearing he wou'd prevent her Marriage; but her Design being discover'd, and also her Hope disappointed by the Banishment of *Abdielraizer*, she swallowed Poison, and testify'd, that where such furious Wishes are suffer'd to preside, neither the Dictates of Religion, Morality, or even Nature, are of any Force. — Who does not lament the unhappy Consequences of *Helen's* Rape, or the fatal Intreague of *Mark Antony* and *Cleopatra*! the one, involv'd all the Princes of *Greece* in a ten Years War, in which unnumber'd Lives were lost, *Troy* was destroy'd, and a whole Nation perish'd: The other, cost the greatest, bravest Man of the then living World, his Fame, his Peace of Mind, his Honours, and at last his Life. — But wherefore shou'd we go so far for Instances of this Kind? the present Age, and our own Experience presents us with too many: Among the Great what is more common, than to see a Husband contemning the Embraces of the Partner of his Bed and Dignity, forfeit every Thing that ought to be valuable, for the polluted Joys, which some fair prostitute, abandon'd to all Sense of Shame, gladly consents to yield. — How frequently do we see Wives, by the Benevolence of Fortune, plac'd in a Station which gives them a glorious Opportunity of becoming shining Patterns to the rest, quit all the Advantages they enjoy for the pursuit of lawless Love, and wholly govern'd by their wild Desires, grow fond of Infamy, and triumph in Disgrace. — How many high-born Maids, forgetful of their own, and Houses Honour, resign themselves a Prey to the loose Wishes of some upstart Wretch, who conquers but to insult, and makes his Boast of having the power of ruining. — Numerous are they of both Sexes, who are undone by unequal Marriages; but much more numerous those, especially  
of

of the softer and more believing Kind, who wanting even that Sanction, sacrifice their All to their blind Passion for some worthless Object. How is it possible then, say the Foes of Love, to know and to reflect on these Things, without being convinc'd that the Soul ought to guard itself against the Assaults of Tenderness, more than from any other Emotion whatsoever?

When one thinks no farther, one shall, indeed, be of that Opinion; but when one considers that there are no Proofs of the Misfortunes and Vices it occasions, but what may be equaliz'd by as strong ones of a contrary Effect. He that wou'd go about to decide the Contest in Favour of either opposite, wou'd find his Judgment extremely at a Loss, and at last be oblig'd to leave the Question undetermin'd.

What a noble Idea does the Example of *Artemisa*, Queen of *Caria*, give us of that Passion, which in her was not to be vanquish'd by Death. Those pale and ghastly Looks, which the King of Terrors imprints on every Victim of his Power, render'd not *Mausolus* less dear to his constant Wife. With the same unequal'd Tenderness she regarded him dead as living; left not his cold Corps a Moment, till he was interr'd, and then built a Monument for him, which is esteem'd one of the Wonders of the World, and from which all famous Sepulchres have since taken their Name; that Testimony of her Affection finish'd, as if she had no longer Business for Life, she resign'd her Breath with Pleasure, and hasten'd to meet her dear-lov'd Consort in another World. — With what Fortitude that Passion inspires a noble Mind, is evident from the Example of *Paulina*, the Wife of *Seneca*: That Heroick Lady, when her Husband was condemn'd to Death by the Tyrant *Nero*, caus'd her own Veins to be open'd, that she might dye with him;



him; and tho' the Emperor, touch'd with so uncommon a Proof of Constancy and Magnanimity, prevented her Design, and commanded his own Physicians on Pain of Death to cure her voluntary Wounds; the ghost-like Paleness thenceforward of her bloodless Cheeks, was a lasting Testimony of her Courage and Affection. — How great an Assistant *Love* is to *Wit*, especially to the Improvement of the Genius in *Poetry*. The *Romans* acknowledg'd in the Works of *Sulpitia*, who in the Time of the Emperor *Domitian* wrote many elegant Pieces; but that for which she was most celebrated, was the History of her Amours with him, who afterwards became her Husband *Celenus*. — *Sappho* the *Lesbian* Boast, was to her Softness indebted for her Fame. — The Charms of *Corrinna* had long since been bury'd in Oblivion, had not Love immortaliz'd her Song. — The tender and never-dying Strains of *Ovid* confess the Refinements which this Passion made, and the Power of *Julia's* Eyes. — *English* *Aphrara* had been less admir'd, had Love less influenc'd her Muse. — *Sidney* and *Sidley* were oblig'd to the Inspiration of the melting God, which in all Ages has been a Friend to Verse.

Countless are the Examples of both the good and ill Effects of this Passion, when animated by it, and encourag'd by the Hope of obtaining his Desire, with how much Ardour does the *Soldier* fight! or the *Poet* apply himself to write! nothing appears too dangerous or Difficult! It infuses a generous Emulation through the Mind, and will not suffer the Person possess'd of it to rest till he arrives at Excellence, and becomes worthy of the Joy he aims at. As the incomparable *Spencer* says:

“ Love fir'd his noble Soul to brave Atchievements  
 “ And generous Thirst of Fame. —

But then again to what opposite Extremes does it transport some People ! how does it stifle all the Suggestions of Religion, Morality, Honour, Piety, and every human Virtue ! and urge the Soul to Acts, the most impious and horrible to Nature, for the Accomplishment of its Desires ! How then is it possible, when one considers *Love* merely as *Love*, without any further Regard than to the Quality of that Passion in itself, to judge whither it has contributed most to the Advantage or Disservice of Mankind ? The deepest Penetration will never be able to fathom the hidden Mystery, Learning cannot explode it : Inferences drawn from History or Experience will but more puzzle us in the fruitless Search, and still the Question will remain unanswerable ! To what Purpose then, my Reader will be apt to think, is this Discourse ? To which I reply, That the Reason of those Contradictions which we see in the Consequences of the same Passion, is only because we imagine it of much greater Force than in Reality it can boast ; and this which has so much the Appearance of an Enigma, be very easily solv'd, if People wou'd once be persuaded to go the right Way for an Explanation : Let us take away a little of that almighty Power which we ascribe to *Love*, and allow something more to *Nature* and those Inclinations born with us, and we shall immediately reconcile the seeming Impossibility. *Love*, like the Grape's potent Juice, but heightens *Nature*, and makes the conceal'd Sparks of Good, or Ill, blaze out, and show themselves to the wond'ring World ! It gives an Energy to our Wishes, a Vigour to our Understanding, and adds to the *Vic-* *lence* of our Desires, but *alters* not the *Ben* of them.

## The Explanation of LOVE.

When in the Soul the Seeds of Virtue lye,  
*Love* does the Want of native Warmth  
 (supply :

Soon they spring up in living Acts of Fame,  
 And justly glorify their Patron's Name !  
 But, when it actuates a vicious Mind,  
 Rapes ! Murders ! Incest ! common Crimes we find.  
 No Precepts can its lawless Flames assuage,  
 Nor stop the Course of its impetuous Rage :  
 Boldly o'er every Boundary it flies,  
 And all the Powers of Heaven and Earth defys !  
 Then whatsoe'er the Consequences show,  
 We not to *Love*, but our own *Nature* owe :  
*Love* but improves the Sentiments it finds,  
 And tho' it raises, cannot change our Minds.

*Love* in itself cannot be consider'd either as a Virtue, or a Vice ; it often, indeed, excites to both, but never changes the one to the other ; there must be some secret Propensity in the Soul, tho' perhaps long (by the Prejudice of Education or some other Motive) conceal'd, on which this Passion must work, and create Consequences, which without that Aid, it would be impossible to bring to pass.

To prove the Truth of this Assertion, one need, methinks, only consider with how much greater Force that Passion influences the Minds of Women, than it can boast on those of a contrary Sex, whose Natures being more rough and obdurate, are not capable of receiving those deep Impressions which for the most Part are so destructive to the softer Species. — The other may *Love* with Vehemence, but then it is neither so tender nor so lasting a Flame,

and seldom does it carry them any farther than a Self-gratification ; the Good of the Object they pretend to admire, being what they very rarely consult. — A Woman, where she loves, has no Reserve ; she profusely gives her all, has no Regard to any Thing, but obliging the Person she affects, and lavishes her whole Soul. — But Man, more wisely, keeps a Part of his for other Views, he has still an Eye to Interest and Ambition ! As a certain Lady, who, 'tis to be suppos'd, has experienc'd what she writes, somewhere affirms :

- “ Women no Bounds can to their Passion set ;
- “ Love and Discreation in our Sex ne'er met.
- “ Men may a cold Indifference, Prudence call,
- “ But we to Madneſs doat, or not at all.

Not But there are ſome Exceptions to this general Rule, there have been Men, and ſtill are ſome who think nothing too great a Price to purchaſe the Gratification of their Deſires, nor to reward the Tenderneſs which makes them happy ; and to that End will run the greateſt Hazards in Fortune, Life, and Reputation : And there are alſo ſome Women, whoſe Pride, Ambition, or Revenge, has influenc'd them to Actions the very Reverſe of Diſ-interestedneſs ; but when any Inſtances of this kind happen, the Sexes ſeem to have exchang'd Natures, and both to be the Contradiſtion of themſelves.

As the Softneſs therefore of Womenkind renders them more liable to the Impreſſions of that Paſſion, and joins with it in influencing them to the Inadvertencies they too frequently fall into ; ſo in a Mind prone to Conſtancy, Avarice, Cruelty, or any other Vice, *Love* becomes an Abettor of the Crimes they act : Or, in one addiſted to Virtue, encreaſes the Value of it, and makes the illuſtrious Beams ſhine forth with greater Brightneſs :

*Love*





am treating of, in the Hearts of two Ladies, who were both in Love with the same Man, and had been both render'd unhappy by his Ingratitude and Perjury. It was written by a Person perfectly acquainted with the whole Affair, and who assumes the Character of one of those concern'd in it.

*Celia and Evandra.*

**W**ithin a dismal Shade, where nothing grew,  
But mournful Willow and the baleful Yew,  
Despairing *Celia*, that once lovely Maid,  
Stretch'd at her Length, on the cold Earth was  
(laid.

Her Garments torn, her panting Bosom bare,  
Her Eyes half drown'd in Tears, and in the Air,  
Was madly toss'd her loose dishevell'd Hair.  
When after many a Sigh and piteous Groan,  
She to relentless Heaven thus made her Moan,  
Why was I destin'd to so hard a Fate,  
Of all my Sex the most unfortunate?  
Thus to be tortur'd with successless Love,  
And endless Miseries which round me move!  
When will my poor distracted Heart find Rest,  
Must I be ever! ever thus oppress!  
No Glimpse of Hope, no dawning Joy appears,  
Not one kind Glance to dissipate my Fears,  
Or stop the Source of never ceasing Tears!  
Let melancholly Bards who write of Miserie,  
A Pattern take and copy't out by me!  
See here the truest Emblem of Despair,  
Of pineing Discontent, and endless Care!  
Oh *Lyfsmour*! ungrateful *Lyfsmour*! said she,  
What have I done——  
Or rather, what have I not done for thee!  
But here she stop'd, and at that Name  
Vollies of Sighs from her heav'd Bosom came;  
So

So quick they flew, and with such Vehemence,  
 One wou'd have thought her Soul had issu'd thence:  
 'Till almost strangled with the swelling Grief,  
 She in loud Outcrys vainly fought Relief.  
 Like one distracted the wild Wood ran round,  
 While cruel Thorns her cruel Flesh did wound;  
 Th'opposing Trees her Ornaments did tear,  
 And every Bush was proud to catch her Hair.  
 At last, half breathless, tir'd with fruitless Rage,  
 A Flood of Tears the Passion did assuage:  
 She knelt, and thus did Justice of the gods implore,  
 To grant Revenge on perjur'd *Lyfimour*.  
 Find out some Way, she cry'd, ye Powers divine!  
 To plague his Soul, as he has tortur'd mine:  
 Let him burn inward with consuming Fires!  
 Like me, unhoping, waste in vain Desires!  
 Like me abhor the Day that gave him Birth!  
 Like me distracted grovel on the Earth!  
 Blast him with Lightnings in Youth's prideful Joy,  
 And with Deformity his Charms destroy!  
 Some sudden Mark of your just Vengeance show  
 That the Contemnners of your Power may know  
 You can both see and punish Crimes below!

I had no Patience longer to forbear  
 But rushing forth disturb'd the guilty Prayer,  
 And with an angry Look disturb'd the mournful

(Fair:

Behold, fond Maid! said I, and blush to see  
 Thy Rival's Love and Generosity.  
 Like you, by *Lyfimour* I am betray'd,  
 Alike by his Deceits unhappy made:  
 Greater than yours my Wrongs appear, yet still,  
 Methinks, I love too well, to wish him ill:  
 My Passion does a nobler Aim pursue,  
 You but his *Heart*, I wou'd his *Soul* subdue!  
 And by my long and patient Suffering prove  
 That I alone am worthy of his Love!

You

You can no Pleasure, but when with him, know;  
 But I am happy when I hear he's so:  
 His Wishes far above my own I prize,  
 And for his Sake Self-int'rest can despise!  
 And since my Image has forlook his Breast,  
 Exil'd from thence for a more charming Guest,  
 May she be kind, to his Desires comply,  
 And study for his Good as much as I.  
 May choicest Blessings be her Virgin Dowr,  
 Live long in Peace with her lov'd *Lyfsmour*;  
 And lest Remorse of Injuries to me,  
 Shou'd damp his Bliss, may I forgotten be,  
 And never enter in his Memory.  
 May no disturbing Care his Peace molest,  
 But be of all he can desire posselt,  
 And then *Evandra* will be truly blest.

There is nothing more certain than that some Women, when instigated by this Passion, and disappointed in their Aim, want only the Power of inflicting most dreadful Kinds of Revenge on the Authors of their Misfortune; nor have any Regard to what themselves may suffer in the Attempt, either as to Reputation or Interest; nay, wou'd even hazard Life, rather than lose the Means of retaliating an Injury in this tender Part. A certain great Lady of this Age having had an Intreague with a young Gentleman, of whom she was passionately fond, perceiving his Ardours began to derogate from their accusom'd Warmth, and in a little Time to sink into an entire Indifference, try'd first all the Arts she was Mistress of, to recover the decaying Fire, but all being unsuccessful, she had Recourse to Threats, and with an unparalell'd Assurance told him, That if he discontinu'd giving her those Proofs of his Affection she had been us'd to receive from him, she wou'd not only relate all that had pass'd between them to her Lord, but also cause him